

College Notes

Both Literary Societies, the Lowell and the Willard Guild have been reorganized. Two excellent programs have been given by the former during the term. The Willard Guild, having delayed its organization, made its first effort, which was a worthy one, on Tuesday evening of this week.

The Y. P. S. C. E. meetings held in the chapel regularly on Sunday evenings are excellent. It is good to be there. The meeting last Sunday was very fine. The leader was brother Charles Holsinger of Oakville, Ind. Many lessons from the topic, "A Bad Bargain" were strikingly dwelt upon. Professor Miller's stirring temperance words sank into hearts that will never forget them.

If good seed was sown, and we feel assured there was, from each pulpit filled by a ministerial student of our number, then last Sunday the College was a benefaction indeed and the harvest will be large. Brother Harvey Holsinger preached in the morning at the United Brethren Church of Ashland and in the afternoon at Ohl's Chapel, a country appointment. Brother E. D. Burnworth preached in the evening at the United Brethren Church. Brother L. G. Smith preached at the Fair Haven Church and Brother Marcus Witter at West Independence. Words of commendation come from all who listened to the young men.

We are happy in the anticipation of having brother P. J. Brown preach for us in the chapel next Sunday morning. Brother Brown will receive a large-hearted welcome from all. Communion services will be held in the evening.

Brother J. C. Beal was called from his work last Monday to the side of his mother who is quite ill.

Quiet Observer

On the sixteenth of September Bishop Whipple, the "Apostle to the Indians" went to his reward. When, glancing over the columns of the daily newspaper, I saw Bishop Whipple's name surrounded by those meaning black lines I became sad at heart as we all are wont to when one who is truly good goes out from among us. In the hours of meditation and reflection that followed I was deeply impressed with the grandeur of this man's life. Seventy-eight beautiful, useful years! Need we wonder that he is missed, that hearts are breaking because his voice is still and his hand is cold in death? In the firmament of the religious workers who have made Christian America, Henry Benjamin Whipple stands out a star shining steadily and ever increasing in radiancy. Merely a fragment of the touching tributes paid by the American Indians and the missionaries with whom he was a co-laborer testify to the loveliness of his character and to the marvelous good he wrought for the red men.

After all, I thought, "there is nothing so kingly as kindness," the kindness expressed in a surrendered life of service. Such was the fruitful life of our departed friend. One of his faithful converts writes these tender lines: "Our Bishop was all love. He preached always, from the beginning, Love, Love! 'My children, love the Great Spirit, Love one another, Love all other tribes.' His one great aim has been to unite us by close connection in Christian fellowship." They are true words. His life was one of loving ministration, of self-sacrifice. To day numbers of churches, hundreds of saved souls and a united Indian brotherhood are a testimony to his life work. What a lesson in service we may learn from Bishop Whipple's life. The world is crying for men and women who

have beautiful theories and practice them; lofty ideals and live them; faultless rules of conduct and keep them; noble purposes and realize them. It is service that glorifies. The story is told of a clergyman's wife who was delayed in starting to church and arrived just as the congregation was leaving. "What, is it done?" she asked her husband. "No, my dear," he replied, "it is said; it remains to be done." With all our saying let us do. We may not be fitted for great things. There is hope and inspiration for us all in a sentence engraved on one of the Pan-American Exposition buildings: "The meanest of us has a gift." If each of us used his every gift in untiring service what wondrous brightness would shine thru-out the world. O, for more deeds prompted by disinterested love? They beautify and bless the doer no less than those who are ministered unto. Why are we slow to learn that life's fadeless flowers grow in the garden of service? Why are we prone not to appreciate the reflex influence of a single good deed?

"He did a deed, a gracious deed,
He ministered to men in need;
He bound a wound, he spoke a word
That God and every angel heard.

He did a deed, a gracious deed,
O, souls that suffer and that bleed,
He did a deed and on his way,
A bird sang in his heart all day."

Over such the world breathes in loving memory
"a grateful Amen."

Missionary Intelligence

The first year's offering by the Methodist Episcopal church for the support of missions was in 1820 and amounted to \$823 04. To the denomination that now contributes annually to the cause of missions more than a million dollars, \$834 04 looks like a very small sum, but even of that sum the officers of the society had found wise ways of expenditure for but \$82.76 and hence carried over a surplus of \$737 28. In recent years the cries of the heathen have been so piercing and their doors so open, the surplus has been on the wrong side, in the shape of a debt. Four years ago this debt was \$220,000, all of which has been wiped out since, and now the church has planned never more to go into debt, not even to save souls. To-day there are single churches in that denomination which give more than the entire church gave that first year, and not a few of them but a full hundred of them. A year ago one Sunday school gave \$822, and a half dozen others much exceeded that amount. There is in all churches a great awakening of the missionary spirit.

The Rev. Albert A. Fulton, whom it was our privilege to hear at Winona Bible Conference last August, contributes an able article to the New York Observer, on "Christian Work in China." Dr. Fulton is hopeful for the cause of Christianity in the celestial empire. Ninety-four years ago, he writes, Protestant missionaries stepped on China's shore, and confronted single handed, the pride, bigotry and superstition of the mightiest number of people ever ruled by a single emperor. Seven years after his arrival, Morrison baptised his first convert. In 1834 Morrison died, and that same year his first native preacher, Liang-A-Fab, was forced to flee for his life. After all his toil and severe labors, Morrison saw only three or four converts, and only one native preacher, and passed away after twenty-seven years of patient work, strong in faith that Christianity would achieve its mightiest success in an empire that sternly suppressed the teachings of the gospel. Any man who can now contemplate the success achieved in China

and still be pessimistic as to ultimate victory, may be high in social position, but he is low down when weighed in the balances with a healthy Christian. Dr. Fulton thinks that one of the mightiest achievements of the nineteenth century is the fact that in the proudest and most bigoted pagan nation, Christianity has been tolerated by imperial edict. It is his belief that it will be easier and attended with far less suffering to gain a million converts now than to obtain the present membership under the old conditions. The question, he says, that cannot be put down is, What will the church do? Never since God created man on earth has the church confronted responsibilities so vast, nor stood before doors flung so despairingly open by so many hundreds of millions of benighted souls. Equally true it is that the Protestant churches never possessed mightier resources or commanded vaster power than at this most opportune time. The church with its splendid potentialities, should enter upon the noble work of sending the water of life thru these waterless places with feelings of deep exultation. The victory, even tho delayed, is absolutely assured. China spends \$300,000,000 in idolatrous worship every year. When shall this crushing load be lifted from the deluded worshippers? Whenever the church, in the might of her vast influence, enters the contest, idolatry will disappear, root and branch, and the hundreds of millions, now worse than wasted, will go into Christian channels. The door is wide open.

"Hallelujah! Thine the Glory!" screamed Sophia Lichtenfels, a scrubwoman who attended Dr. A. B. Simpson's annual contribution missionary meeting at the Gospel Tabernacle one afternoon. And she rushed forward with a \$20 bill in her hand. Dr. Simpson had called for contributions and the old woman had been first to run forward with her gift. Others followed till the sum reached \$60,000. This was either pledged or received in cash. There have been great crowds in the tabernacle, but none of them did more in a short space of time than this one. Once while Dr. Simpson was talking he stopped, and in the silence the voice of a child singing "Nearer My God to Thee," came thru the open window. After the stories they had just listened to of the blackness of foreign lands the hymn had a startling effect and thousands of dollars rolled in. One woman wanted to give her watch, and offered it to the usher, asking: "Is it time to begin to give watches?" The usher replied: "Follow your own conscience," and hurried away. The woman did not give her watch, and no jewelry was given.

Literary Notes

For those mothers who are anxious that their girls should read wisely rather than widely, there is a valuable article in the November number of THE DELINEATOR describing "The Book Life of a Girl." It shows how, with a little assistance, her book reading can be so manipulated that she will be broadened out by her reading without the necessity of later being obliged to unlearn or forget pernicious books that may only be pernicious by having been read in advance of the time when she could comprehend their deeper and fuller meaning.

Superstition Trail, a powerful tale of the West, by Owen Wister, and illustrated by Remington, is the opening story in the Hallowe'en Number (Oct-26) of THE SATURDAY EVENING POST of Philadelphia. Other attractive features are a new episode in The Love Affairs of Patricia and a striking poem by Holman F. Day. Mr. Day's ballad, The Night of the White Review, tells a weird tale current among Gloucester fishermen. It has all the swing and movement of Mr. Kipling's Dipsy Chanteys, and a strength and originality all its own.